
Title: Betrayel of Tragedy II

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The figure, ever
remaining cloaked in
darkness regaurdless
of the pale light
eminating from the
very walls of flesh,
pulled back at the
creatures words. To
its relief, another of
the fiends voices
picked up instead.

"Good evening
brothersss! You have
left me ssssome , I
hope? I have been
working long sssso
our Zantosas
servantsss might
work more...
efficently
tommarow..." The
other voice sprang up
at this, somehow
hosting a more
annoyed tone then
preveously.

"Very good then
brother, yesss... I
take it you ussed the
peasentsss captured
from the Gangrel hold
for this purposse,
yesss? I would like to
know what usessss
you have put them to"

The other Tzimisce's
voice seemed to become
more irate in
response, apparantly
the two where on less
then friendly terms.

"Yes, ssssome... they
are my worksss"

Unfortunately for
Ravek, it would be at
this time that a Vozhd
would take the moment
to stomp through the
hall he was listening
from and charge at
him, raising its
club like weapon high
as it let out a high
pitched howl.
Groaning slightly,
blood began to surge
through his
fingertips as he
whirled about to face
his attacker.

"And so the killing
begins" He murmured
as an incantation drew
forth from his lips.
Emmediatly, the war
ghoul was wriggling
with its last ounce of
life on thr ground as
pulses of electricity
surged through it.
Spinning back around
just as one of the
Tzimisce came
rushing into the hall,
his actions where
lightning quick.
Grabbing the
abomination by the
head, both hand and
head burst into flame.

The Tzimisce
shreaking in agony,
the sound of
reinforcments
storming from the
rear and the other
fiends moving about in
the room before him.
Choosing between the
two he runs forward
and around the corner
to practicly bump into
one of the vampiric
creatures. Raising
his other hand, the
left still smoldering
and grasping the now
charred skull of his
first victem tonigh, he
muttered a few more

arcane words. Within moments howls and screams of torment rose up as a torrent of fire and brimstone rained forth from the ceiling. Head darting back as hand released the skull, a fiend appeared from around the corner he had just come. Raising his other hand that now took the image of feral claws, he raked them through the vampires throat and watched with an amused sort of smile as its head began to tilt before its body did. Turning back about to witness the devastation his spell had wrought already beginning to fade, he moved past charred corpses with his supernatural speed. Equally as quick as he moved, he pulled forth a bottle from his coat which he drank eagerly. The room the fiend had come from appeared to be a side study from a greater room. Not taking the time to study his surroundings, all he was concerned with was finding the largest amount of the enemy and laying into them with all his fury. He would get his wish, it would seem, for as he passed through the next doorway into another larger room with about as many branching passages as the first. In fact, it